species. The people there however could tell nothing about it. At Caesar's Head I was delighted to see two or three trees growing directly on the edge of the cliff. The risk of dropping down a thousand or so feet would not warrant the climbing of the trees so that I had much ado to get specimens. This was finally accomplished, and Sargent now has the majority of them for distribution in Europe and elsewhere. While here our party took a pleasant walk of about a mile over to the "Bluff" - a bold precipice north of the hotel, fronting a fine pass called Jones' Gap, up which is the main road, from Greenville and the country around, to Transylvania. Here I was fortunate enough to find Schweinitzia and Hypericum Buckleyi - the latter in abundance - (a live specimen has gone to Cambridge). Of course we went to Saluda Falls and, having fine clear weather, had lovely views of the mountains back and the plain

Wilmington Aug. 6th 1881

My Dear Dr. Gray,

Your kind letter to Mr. Redfield and me came this morning. Though I had been wishing much to hear of your own and Mrs. Gray's welfare directly, I scarcely hoped for it, knowing how occupied you must have been with "labors more abundant" even than usual. It is needless therefore to say what pleasure it gave Mrs. Canby and me to read your letter; for a long time we have only had what we could squeeze from the brief notes of Prof. Sargent or Mr. Watson. Your account of your journey through France, Italy, Switzerland &c., in so many places off the beaten track, is ravishing. How you must have enjoyed it and what an additional fund of delightful recollections you will have for all the futime; and we trust, too, that in due time you will return reinvigorated, notwithstanding the labor, to bestow yet many years of happiness upon your friends.

We have of course had full newspaper accounts of the hot weather abroad. Now we are having it here to the full - The Thermometer away up among the nineties and the country parched and dry from lack of rain. It almost seems as if we had had an importation of English "Dog days". It must have been severe enough with you - if it equalled this horrid "torrid wave" that is upon us now.

We are living at home in the quietest way and I know of nothing, botanical or social, which you would not get in much better shape from your numerous correspondents. Of course the most universally exciting event of this year has been the attempt upon the President's life. The feeling, first of horror and indignation, and now of hope, has been more universal and deeper than could have been supposed possible; and this is as true in the South as in the North.

In June, in company with my sister and two other ladies, I made a delightful two weeks visit to our old "happy hunting grounds" from Caesar's Head to the Roan. We went South by the "Piedmont Air Line" to Spartanburg, South Carolina, and thence by *rail* (making close connection) to Hendersonville - the latter a delightful ride of four hours, with beautiful views in climbing and crossing the Blue Ridge. Stopping one night at the latter place we reached Caesar's Head next afternoon. Here I did the only collecting worth mentioning in the whole trip. Engelmann's account of the new Tsuga Caroliniana was very interesting and of course I was on the look out for it. You will remember "Buck Forest Hotel". In front of this are growing two small ~~[illegible]~~ Hemlocks one of which, although it was without cones, I felt sure must be the new before the Rhododendrons in such glorious bloom. One entire day we had rain - the next was worth any dozen that I had spent there before. I can only hint at the beauty of the cloudless sky above, the ocean of fog below and the breaking up of this into the thousand fleecy clouds which trailed their shadows over the mountains. I must not close without adding that Mr. & Mrs. Searle (the latter we knew as Miss Beach when we were there in 1879) had a little daughter given them while we were there. Our ladies tried to get them to call it Roanetta but I think without success. The father insisted that the name should have been Max. These happy days at the Roan have made my pen run on until both you and Mrs. Gray will thank heaven that I can't get any more in. So thanking you again and with Mrs. Canby's and my own warmest regards and best wishes for both you and Mrs Gray, and for an early safe and happy return to your home, I can only say further that I am, as ever,

Sincerely and affectionately Yours, Wm. M. Canby.

I have already forwarded your letter to Mr. R.

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below. I am confident that both the Black and the Roan can be seen from the "Head". Going northward, our party arranged to start early, get to Buck Forest by 8 A.M. and take until noon to visit the various falls of "Little" river in that vicinity: and then to get ~~back~~ on to Hendersonville by night. This we accomplished and had a delightful time, the falls being well worth a visit; but to me the pleasure was much enhanced by seeing many of the two Alleghanian Hemlocks growing side by side along the river, thus showing well the points of contrast. I afterwards saw Ts. Caroliniana at lower elevations, than Engelmann allows; the lowest being not much more than 2000 ft. above tide. One other botanical item surprised me much - this was to see Sarracenia rubra growing plentifully near Hendersonville. From this town we went by stage to Asheville. The Western North Carolina R.R. (Mrs. Gray will remember her comfortable night's ride on this

Morganton is now finished to this point, and by next summer will be done to Wolf Creek down the valley of the French Broad, whose beautiful scenery will then be attainable without the horrible stage ride which nearly finished poor Mrs. Engelmann. Probably the R.R. from Hendersonville will have been by that time finished to Asheville. While speaking of railroads, I may add that there is now one to Cranberry Forge reaching to within eleven miles of Cloudland and this in time ought to make the access to that mountain much easier; so that it is evident that the Carolina mountain region will soon be much more generally accessible. To resume the account of our route – From Asheville we went to Marion by rail and thus over Swannanoa Gap, and down on the other side by that wonderful pass which you will well remember and which made our party almost crazy with delight. At Marion we spent the night and were comfortably taken care of at the Hotel by John Bryan who now adds this business to that of his store. The next morning we were off by 6 A.M. for Bakersville where we arrived about 7.30 P.M.; the ride of 35 miles somewhat tiresome and in places rough, but affording grand and beautiful views, especially along the valley of the Catawba and in crossing the Blue Ridge, from which we had a near and magnificent view of the Black Mts. All the roads we found [illegible] abominable in both North Carolina & Tennessee, and that from Bakersville to Cloudland was too dangerous to travel, so that we had to go round the foot of the Roan and up from Wilder's Forge. Every time I go to this blessed mountain I fear disappointment on account of having had too exalted ideas of its beauty, and every time I find myself mistaken and that I had wronged it by not fully appreciating it;– and this last visit was no exception. I [illegible]